THE KALIDA VENTURE.

Equal Laws—Equal Rights, and Equal Burdens—The Constitution and its Currency.

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POETRY.

The Motherless.

The following is one of the most touchingly beautiful things we have ever read. The whole scene is one of exquisite tenderness, and its beauty lies in its entire truthfulness. There is no attempt, no effort to make grief—what is written because it was felt—because the heart was full, and was relieved by utterance. It is real, not invented. None can doubt this is the language of a husband and a father, with a spirit stricken by the loss of one fondly loved as a wife, and as the mother of his precious ones. How full of nature is the third verse! how like what we would look for—and how beautiful the fourth!

You're weary, precious ones! your eyes
Are wandering far and wide;
Think ye of her, who knew so well
Your tender thoughts to guide;
Who could to Wisdom's sacred love
Your fixed attention claim?
Ah! never from your hearts erase
That blessed mother's name!

'Tis time to say your evening hymn,'
My youngest infant dove!
Come press thy velvet cheek to mine,
And learn the lay of love;
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng!
Cling as you used to cling to her
Who sings the angel's song.

Begin, sweet bird the accustomed strain,
Come warble loud and clear;
Alas! alas! you're weeping all,
You're sobbing in my ear,
Good night!—Go say the prayer she taught
Beside your little bed—
The lips that used to bless you there
Are silent with the dead!

A father's hand your course may guide
Amid the thorns of life;
His care protect these shrinking plants,
That dread the storms of strife;
But who upon your infant hearts
Shall like that mother write?
Who touch the strings that rule the soul?
Dear, smitten flock!—Good night.

MISCELLANY.

Written for the Kalida Venture.

THE MISERIES OF PEEPERS.

BY SNIP.

CHAPTER I.

"Man's a strange animal; and makes a strange use of his own nature." Such, at least, was true of Samuel Peepers; and all the good people of the goodly village of Popham, will bear witness to the truth of the assertion, that Sam Peepers was the oddest genius that ever set cross legged on the steps of the Green Tree tavern in the aforesaid village, and distributed to the passers by, all the gossip of the village, concerning every thing, and every body.

Sam had served an apprenticeship to the tailoring business, and at a time when business of all kinds prospered, and the laborer was amply rewarded for his toil, had come, and taken up his abode in the village, where he swung a shingle, (as those of his craft call the commencing of business) placed himself upon the board, and for a time wielded the steel bar, and played the knight of the thimble so well, that he soon began to be looked up to as a prosperous, and of course an important citizen. A cranium richly stored with the learning of his craft,—such as the sprees, and adventures befalling old journeymen in their travels, with a vocabulary of language, including all the droll expressions, and tailorisms in use, together with a fluency in reciting to others his wonderful knowledge, and his own wonderful feats, and hair breadth scapes while on tramp, had procured for him an ascendancy over the minds of the simple villagers, truly gratifying to that innate love of power and superiority, which predominates alike in the breast of the cobbler, and the king.

Sam was the oracle of the village! From the first year of his abode there, he was *de facto*, the justice of the peace—Mayor of the village—Constable—Prosecuting Attorney—fence viewer, and in short, the *Major Domo*—the grand mover, and artificer of every thing, pertaining to the business of the public, and frequently to that of the individuals constituting it. I would not be understood as saying that Sam was studiously, and offensively inquisitive into the business of others: far from it;—he had a different, and most laudable object in view, in all his undertakings. He had discovered (strange as as it may seem to many) his own vast importance; the superiority of his intellect over that of his fellows, and the facility with which he could adjust the business of his neighbors, and ameliorate their condition, by relieving them of all their cares and troubles. And who, pray, is there so illiberal as to complain of his neighbor because he assumes the business of the entire neighborhood? Because he pries into and discharges the business of every body else—even to the neglect of his own, and the sacrifice of his own interests? Such was Sam's character. Yet was he not always so—power and importance were thrust upon him—he sought neither the one nor the other; but being fairly within his possession his course was plain. He resolved to "hold the fleet angels fast, believing they would bless him!" Whether they did or not will be developed as we pass along.

I know not if it be true that great men are generally jealous; but one thing I do know, that most of those whom the world have esteemed great, have manifested uneasiness at the mention of an equal. Sam after all was only mortal, and therefore, like the rest of his kind, "could not bear a brother near the throne." In fact it could not be expected that after being looked up to as the ruling genius of the place, he could tamely submit to have his importance shared with another. This feeling, certainly very common to all created intelligencies; being the same as that, which (according to Milton) caused the dismemberment of the Body Angelical in the world above us, and has ever since kept the kingdoms of the Earth in a turmoil, proved a source of great disturbance to our honest Hero, and many of his fellow Villagers. For there lived in the vicinity of Popham at the time of which our history treats, an elderly gentleman of the name of Surley. He had lived on the same farm since the close of the late war, in which he claimed to have achieved some brilliant results in that most delectable of all recreations, to animals of the carniverous species, to wit: the felling and hacking of his fellow beings. Now this old gentleman had remained, as it seemed, blind to Sam's growing power; but when at length the consciousness of it burst upon him, he came near being suffocated by the shock; for he had claimed and enjoyed the allegiance of the good people of Popham, not altogether by the "right divine;" but by another right which he considered equally as sacred and binding, if not more so; for as he himself remarked, it having been originally (as was supposed) derived from the will of the governed, they could not reject it, or complain, though they might cast off that which had been thrust upon them by the gods without any consent of theirs. This position, may, or may not, be tenable; it is enough to know that the old gentleman felt his prerogative encroached upon, and resolved to protect, preserve, and transmit it to his children unimpaired. Here then we discover "the direful spring of woes unnumbered." And here ends this chapter.

CHAPTER II.

A mild evening in the mellow month of June—the deep green forest—Myriads of flowers—with a bright company of rosy girls, joining the music of their laugh and song to that of the winged choristers of the wood, do much, very much toward weaning the thoughts away from the cares, and ambitious schemings of this rascally world. Philosophers, I believe, have not determined to a certainty, what peculiar influence there is in the eye of beauty, to cast such a deep, and lasting spell on the heart of the beholder.—But that such an influence does exist, all, who have arrived at the age of twenty, will admit; for almost all have felt it, and many in a manner never to be forgotten. If we thought there were any old, cross, frozen-nosed, icicle-hearted Bachelors or Maids, who, of pure ill nature, (for such animals are little in their cross disposition inferior to hyenas) would question the truth of this, our position, we could and would exhibit here the affidavit of Samuel Peepers, (taken that very evening, and for the express purpose of settling these cavils) in which he solemnly deposes and says; "that on the evening aforesaid, while walking through the wood in the company of some half dozen couple of the youngsters of Popham, the large, deep-blue, dewy eyes of Miss Susan Surley, fell upon him; and there was a sudden thrill passed to his heart, altogether indescribable. That he felt as though he were being tickled to death by nettle-weed! The cold sweat breaking out upon his body, and his heart fluttering like the clapper of a windmill"! Such is the description of Sam Peepers' love for Miss Susan, when it first budded—given in his own language, and placed on the records of said town over his own sign manual.—Sam at first had not the faintest idea of what ailed him. For being a philosopher, he had made it (as in duty bound) a uniform practice to laugh at, and pronounce what others call love, an idle whim creeping occasionally into the brain of girls and children; but never obtruding itself upon the full grown man. Alas, poor Peepers! your fine spun theories were all knocked into pi, by the first glance of those mild orbs, whose transparent blue, rivaled that of the "deep blue sea." And such we believe must ever be the fate of any theory, denying the existence of the most happifying ingredient of our nature. Sam felt his pride humbled by being thus forced to relinquish a theory which he had so frequently, and ably advocated, to the great annoyance of all the young girls of the village; and could only console himself by running to the other extreme, and declaring that all men were doomed, at some period of their lives to fall in love. And he exclaimed with Goldsmith,

Is there a man who never lov'd
Or felt soft woman's sigh?
Is there a heart can mark unmov'd
Dear woman's tearful eye?

No never, never, said Sam. His bed and blanket were that night of course kicked to pieces in the most approved and fashionable manner; and the morning dawned upon a face flushed with fever—a head racked with pain; and a heart ill at ease with itself, and every thing around it. After much difficulty he found his way to the shop; but was not fully satisfied of his own insanity, when he had placed the colar of the coat he was making on the skirt. But when soon after he found himself clasping the hand of squire Surley, his inveterate enemy and rival, and enquiring in the most affectionate manner after the health of his family, he no longer doubted but what he was beside himself; and accordingly proceeded immediately to his particular friend, Dr. Pulltoggle, to have the malady removed. The man of pills, unwilling to pronounce at once upon a personage of such importance, and an attack so rare and altogether out of his line of practice, resolved to call a council of war, and take the whole matter into consideration.

Pulltoggle went directly from Peepers to Surley, and acquainted him with the nature of the disease, giving him a palpable hint as to who was the happy mortal upon whom the Philosopher had lavished his senses!—Surley was thunderstruck to learn that a man of such transcendant attributes, should thus be shattered to pieces by one glance from eyes upon which he had gazed since they first opened upon the light, without feeling the least indisposition from the act! He could not account for the phenomenon of one great man being operated on differently to another by the same cause!

Surley, notwithstanding the utter aversion with which he regarded Sam, for running himself into the good graces of the People of Popham; yet felt the honor attached to his house, by thus having the proud spirit of Sam Peepers, bowed into the dust of humility at the feet of his daughter; and had it not been for the deadly feud that existed, and the green eyed monster jealousy, that rankled in his soul, Sam might have become the merriest mortal out of the penitentiary! But this could not be; the hero of a war, and the squire of a village could not so far compromit his dignity, as to admit his presumptuous rival into the bosom of his family, or allow him even once more to clap his aching eyes upon his adorable daughter.

The Doctor having called to his aid, one Timothy Tottle, a merchant's clerk, of the village, and who by the way was a beau and admirer of Miss Surley, it was agreed that Sam should seek the cause as the only effectual remedy for the disease; and that for this purpose as squire Surley would not for a moment consent to have him come to his house, a stolen interview should be sought. This council was immediately acted on, and Sam agreed to stroll that very evening by the Heaven that held the object of his adoration, and if per chance the kind stars should place his fair Mistress in the window, or any other eligible position, he was to sigh deeply, lay his hand pathetically on his heart, and scrutinize critically the effect upon his Dulcinea.

(Concluded next week.)

REPUDIATION.—The Vice Chancellor of England has recently given a decision in which the State of Illinois was a party, which seems to be applicable to several millions of the State debt of Indiana. The Chancellor remarked that "if the State placed bonds in the hands of its agents with certain directions how to use them, and they were improperly dealt with by these agents, it would be too much to say that the State acted dishonestly because it refuses to sanction what it had not authorised." That is our case exactly.—*Goshen Democrat.*

Mrs. Clay makes her own butter; salts it always with her own hands.—*Whig paper.*

What a pity she did not think to sprinkle a little on the Old Coon—it might have saved him.—*Keosauque Democrat.*

The people of the United States consume five million pounds of tea annually.

Oregon Territory.

Correspondence of the New York Herald.

LINNTON, 1844.

Outfit for Emigrants—Value of Cattle in Oregon—Wagons—The proper time for Emigrants to start—Mode of Travel—Buffaloes, &c.

JAMES G. BENNETT, ESQ:—

DEAR SIR:—

The proper outfit for emigrants is a matter of very great importance, as upon it depend the ease of the journey. As little as we knew about the matter, we were well enough prepared to get here, all safe, and without much suffering on the road. I would even be most willing to travel the same road twice over again, had I the means to purchase cattle in the States; and Mrs. B. (who performed as much labor on the road as any other woman,) would most gladly undertake the trip again. There is a good deal of labor to perform on the road, but the weather is so dry and the air so pure and pleasant, and your appetite so good, that the labor becomes easy. I had more pleasure in accomplishing the trip than I ever did in the same time before, which would have been greater had it not been for the eternal apprehension of difficulties ahead. Whether we were to leave our wagons, or whether we were to be out of provisions, was all uncertain, and kept us in a state of painful suspense. This state of uncertainty cannot exist again, as the way is broken and conclusively shown to be practicable. The sedge, which was a great impediment to us, we broke down completely, and left behind us a good wagon road, smooth and easy. Those who come after us will be better prepared, and they will have no apprehension about a scarcity of provisions.—There is not the slightest danger of starvation, and not the least danger of suffering, if even ordinary care is taken. Emigrants may now come, knowing that the property they start with they can bring clear through; and when they reach here it will be worth about twice, and some of it (all their cattle) four times as much as it was when they left the States. There is no danger of suffering for water, as you will find it every evening, and always good, except perhaps at one or two places—not more; and by filling a four gallon keg every morning, you have it convenient all day. Fuel on the way is scarce at some points, but we never suffered for want of fuel. You travel up or down streams nearly all the way, upon which you will find dry willows, which make an excellent fire, and where you find no willows the sedge answers all purposes. Nothing burns more brilliantly than the sedge; even the green seems to burn almost as readily as the dry, it catches as quick as dry shavings, but it does not make as good coals to cook as the willows. The wagons for this trip should be two horse wagons, plain yankee beds, the running gear made of good materials, and fine workmanship, with falling tongues; and all in a state of good repair. A few extra iron bolts, linch-pins, skanes, paint bands for the axle, one cold chisel, a few pounds of wrought nails, several papers of cut tacks, and some hoop iron, and a punch for making holes in the hoop iron, a few chisels, handsaw, drawing knife, axes, and tools generally, it would be well to bring, especially augers, as they may be needed on the way for repairing.—All light tools that a man has, that do not weigh too much, he ought to bring. Falling tongues are greatly superior to others, though both will do. You frequently pass across hollows, that have very steep, but short banks, where failing tongues are preferable, and there are no trees on the way to break them. The wagon sheets should be double, and not painted, as that makes them break. The wagon bows should be well made and strong, and it is best to have side boards, and have the upper edge of the wagon bed bevelled outwards, so that the water running down the wagon sheet, when it strikes the body, may run down on the outside. And it is well to have the bottom of the bed bevelled in the same way, that the water may not run inside the wagon.—Having your wagons well prepared, they are as secure, almost, as a house. Tents and wagon sheets are best made of heavy brown cotton drilling, and will last well all the way. They should be well fastened down. When you reach the mountains, if your wagons are not well made of seasoned timber, the tires become loose. This is very easily repaired by taking hoop iron, taking the nails out the tire, and driving the hoop iron under the tire and between it and the felloes; the tire you punch, and make holes through the hoop iron and drive in your nails, and all will be tight. Another mode of tightning the tire, which answers very well, is to drive pine wedges crosswise under it, which holds it tight. If your wagons are even ordinarily good the tire will never become loose, and you will not perhaps have to repair any on the whole trip. Any wagon that will perform a journey from Kentucky to Missouri will stand the trip well. There are many wagons in Oregon, brought through last year, that are both old and very ordinary. It is much easier to repair a wagon on the way than you would suppose. Beware of heavy wagons, as they break down your teams for no purpose, and you will not need them.—Light wagons will carry all you want, as there is nothing to break them down, no stumps, no rock, until you get more than half way, when your load is so much reduced, that there is no danger. You see no stumps on the road until you get to Burnt river and very few there, and no rock until you get into the Black Hills, and only there for a short distance, and not bad, and then you will see none until you reach the Great Soda Spring, on Bear river—at least none of any consequence. If an individual should have several wagons, some good and some ordinary, he might start with all of them; and his ordinary wagons will go to the mountains, where his load will be so reduced that his other wagons will do. It is not necessary to bring along an extra axle-tree, as you will rarely break one. A few pieces of well seasoned hickory, for the wedges and the like, you ought to bring.

TEAMS.—The best teams for this trip are ox teams. Let the oxen be from three to five years old, well set, and compactly built; just such oxen as are best for use at home. They should not be too heavy, as their feet will not bear the trip so well. But oxen six, seven and eight years old, some of them very large, stood the trip last year very well, but not so well in general as the younger and lighter ones. Young cows make just as good a team as any. It is the travel and not the pulling that tires your team, until after you reach Fort Hall. If you have cows for a team it requires more of them in bad roads, but they stand the trip equally well, if not better, than oxen. We fully tested the ox and mule teams; and we found the ox teams greatly superior. One ox will pull as much as two mules, and, in mud, as much as four. They are more easily managed, are not so subject to be lost or broken down on the way, cost less at the start, and are worth about four times as much here.—The ox is a most noble animal, patient, thrifty, durable, gentle, and easily driven, and does not run off. Those who come to this country will be in love with oxen by the time they reach here. The ox will plunge through mud, swim over streams, dive into thickets, and climb mountains to get at the grass, and he will eat almost any thing.—Willows they eat with great greediness on the way; and it is next to impossible to drown an ox.

I would advise all emigrants to bring all the cattle they can procure, to this country and all their horses, as they will with proper care, stand the trip well. We found a good horse to stand the trip as well as a mule.—Horses need shoeing, but oxen do not. I had ox shoes made, and so did many others, but it was money thrown away. If a man had five hundred dollars, and would invest it in young heifers in the States and drive them here, they would be worth five thousand dollars; and by engaging in stock raising, he could make an independent fortune. Milch cows on the road are exceedingly useful, as they give an abundance of milk all the way, though less towards the close of it.—By making what is called thickened milk on the way, a great saving of flour is effected and it is a most rich and delicious food, especially for children. We found that yearling calves, and even sucking calves, stood the trip very well; but the sucking calves had all the milk.

PROVISIONS.—150 pounds flour and 40 pounds bacon to each person. Besides this, as much dried fruit, rice, corn meal, prached corn meal, and raw corn, peas, sugar, tea, coffee, and such like articles as you can well bring. Flour will keep sweet the whole trip, corn meal to the mountains, and parched corn meal all the way. The flour and meal ought to be put in sacks or light barrels; and what they call shorts are just as good as the finest flour, and will perhaps keep better; but I do not remember of any flour being spoiled on the way. The parched corn meal is most excellent to make soup. Dried fruit is most excellent. A few beef cattle to kill on the way, or fat calves, are very useful, as you need fresh meat. Peas are most excellent. The loading should consist mostly of provisions. Emigrants should not burthen themselves with furniture, or any beds; and a few light trunks, or very light boxes might be brought to pack clothes in. Trunks are best, but they should be light. All heavy articles should be left, except a few cooking vessels, one shovel, and a pair of pot hooks. Clothes enough to last a year, and several pair of strong heavy shoes to each person, it will be well to bring. If you are heavily loaded, let the quantity of sugar and coffee be small, as milk is preferable, and does not have to be hauled. You should have a water keg, and a tin canister, made like a powder canister to hold your milk in; a few tin cups, tin plates, tin saucers, and butcher knives; and there should be a small grindstone in company, as the tools become dull on the way. Many other articles may be useful. Rifles and shot guns, pistols, and powder, lead, and shot, I need hardly say, are useful, and some of them necessary on the road, and sell well here. A rifle that cost twenty dollars in the States, is worth fifty dollars here, and shot guns in proportion. The road will be found upon the whole, the best road in the world, considering its length. On the Platte, the only inconvenience arising from the road is the propensity to sleep in the day time.—The air is so pleasent, and the road so smooth that I have known many a teamster to go fast asleep in his wagon, and his team stop still in the road. The usual plan was for the wagons behind to drive around him, and leave him until he waked up, when he would come driving up, looking rather sheepish.

Emigrants should start as early as possible in ordinary seasons; by first of May at farthest; even as early as first of April would do. For those emigrants coming from the Platte country, it is thought that they had better cross the Missouri river at McPherson's